



VOL. XVIII.

SALT LAKE CITY, DECEMBER 15, 1883.

NO. 24.

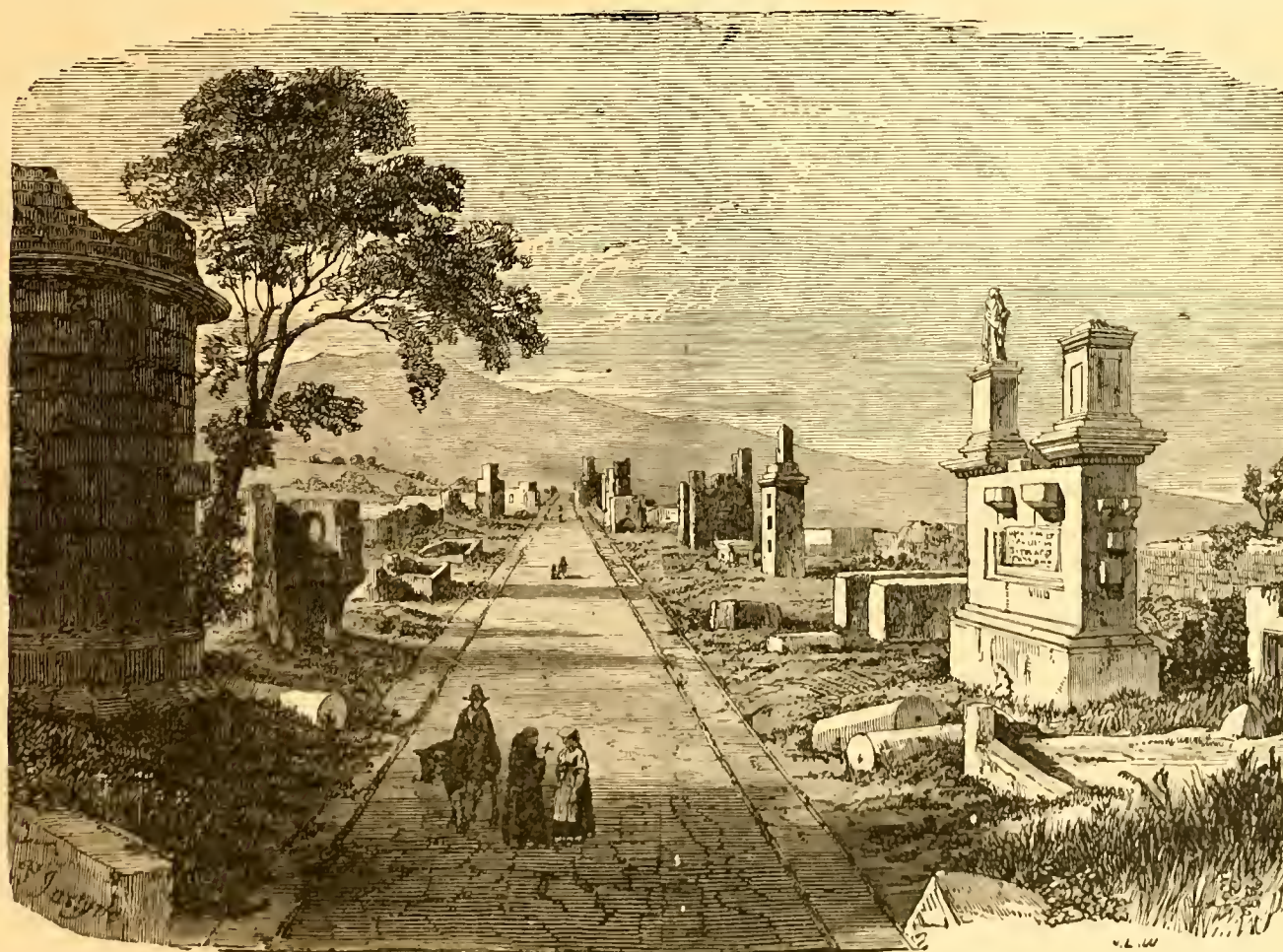
### THE APPIAN WAY.

THIS famous road, the most celebrated in the country of the ancient Romans, and which is represented in our engraving, was three hundred and fifty miles long. It extended from Rome across modern Italy to Brundisium. It was commenced in the year 312 B. C. by Appius Claudius Cæcus, and was completed in the year 30 B. C.

It was composed of large blocks of hard stone fitted to each other with great care and exactness; these stones rested upon

a foundation of various materials which had also been carefully prepared. Its breadth was, exclusive of the foot-paths, from fourteen to eighteen feet. On each side of this road, where the country would admit of it, there were magnificent temples and palatial residences, the ruins of which are portrayed in our picture.

In road-making the Romans eminently excelled. As a rule they carried their roads forward in a straight line regardless of





all natural obstacles. It is said that no less than twenty-nine military roads centered in Rome and extended from there to the most distant parts of the empire; in fact, there is scarcely a country of Europe but what has shown evidences of Roman skill in this direction. They constructed no less than fifty-three thousand miles of road, and that, too, in a most substantial manner. Where these roads passed through towns they were built upon large sewers which very effectually drained their streets.

In Europe, even at the present time, great care is taken with the roads. The streets of the cities are generally paved and the country lanes and ways are kept in good condition by the paupers, aged men or convicts who are constantly engaged thereon to break rocks and then put the broken pieces anyplace where they are needed. Still, the road is yet to be constructed that will equal in quality and length the Appian Way (*Appia Via*) of the Romans.

## MOSES AND MODERN SCIENCE.

BY J. H. W.

THERE is a class of aspirants to gentility who refuse to recognize any person not dressed in the style which they suppose fashionable among the higher classes. A story is told of a wealthy Glasgow brewer's wife, who, attired in all the magnificence of her satins, laces and jewelry, was driving out in her carriage one day in the vicinity of Balmoral. A quiet lady, clad in a plain, gingham dress and gray shawl, was gathering a bouquet of wild flowers in the hedge, and as the carriage passed by, wished the occupant a pleasant "good morning," to which the brewer's wife answered by a contemptuous nod, but afterwards learned to her great mortification, that she had thus lost an opportunity of forming an acquaintance with Queen Victoria. So a large class of pretenders to science refuse to become acquainted with Bible truth, because it is not shrouded in the technicalities of science, but displays itself in the plain speech of the common people to whom it was given.

Of late years the first chapter of Genesis has been assailed by scientists in such a manner that even professing Christians and other devout believers in the Old Testament have come to doubt the authenticity of that chapter; while the efforts of some modern divines to interpret its sayings so as to conform to the declarations of so-called science, have in some cases been pitiful and painful to behold. We do not claim that what is called science is infallible. True science is indisputable. But much that is called science is only theory. In the writings of learned men, concerning the formation of the world, and geologic processes and periods, there is a large mixture of theory and guess-work along with some demonstrated facts and principles. We believe, however, that there is no real conflict between the Mosaic account of the creation and the nebular theory, which is the most widely accepted among the most prominent scientists.

The Bible declares, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." Science admits that there was a "Great First Cause." The world-famous scientist, Herbert Spencer, says, "The universe had its origin in the unknown source of things." The Bible declares, "The earth was

without form, and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep." Science teaches us that matter primarily existed without any form, in a highly attenuated and invisible condition, but containing all the elements which now compose the solid and fluid portions of the earth, and while it was in this condition it was non-luminous. Before motion there was no light. The Bible says the "Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters." (The original word *mayhim* means literally a flowing, non-solid, fluid substance.) Scientists admit that motion as well as matter demands a cause, and that the earth was then a flowing or movable substance or fluid. Thus we see that the description given by Moses of that far, far off period is not only correct but likewise has a depth of meaning that is perfectly sublime.

Let us now turn to another chapter in nature's volume and compare it with the second event mentioned by Moses. "And God said, Let there be light: and there was light." Scientists admit that the first visible effect of motion in the fluid mass was the giving out of light. And here it may not be out of place to give a concise description of the nebular theory:

"La Place conceived the sun to be at one period the nucleus of a vast nebula or star-cloud, the matter of which extended beyond what is now the orbit of the remotest planet of the solar system. This mass of matter in process of condensation, and probably by the agency of electricity, was endued with a circulating motion around its center of gravity. The tendency which all revolving bodies possess to fly off from the center, caused portions of this nebula in process of condensation, to detach themselves from the parent mass, and form themselves in concentric rings, which afterwards, by condensation and electrical action, separated themselves into distinct bodies. These masses, which hence constituted the various planets, in their turn condensing after the manner of the parent mass and abandoning their outlying matter, became surrounded by similar concentric rings, which in turn formed satellites or moons surrounding the various planetary masses. In proof of this, the case of the planet Saturn has been cited to show that the work of creation is still in progress. As is well known, this planet is surrounded by a revolving belt, consisting of several distinct rings still unbroken."

While infidels are scoffing at the idea of light without the sun, modern science has discovered the astonishing fact, that even at this moment the globe of the sun is not a source of light to itself, much less to us; that, in fact, light is no more connected with the sun than with a candlestick. The sun consists mainly of a dark nucleus, like the body of the earth and other planetary globes, surrounded by two atmospheres of enormous depths, the one nearest to him being cloudy and dense like our atmosphere, while the loftier stratum consists of those dazzling electric and phosphorescent zephyrs that bestow light on so many surrounding spheres. This phosphorescent atmosphere, or *photosphere*, as it is called, is by no means inseparably attached to the surface of the nucleus or dark body beneath. Nor is it in any degree stable, but is subject to extensive fluctuations and the most violent commotions, being frequently swayed and whirled aside, laying bare the surface of the dark globe beneath for thousands of miles to the observation of astronomers, and even to the naked eye. The latest discoveries in science tend rather to demonstrate that the sun's light is but very faintly visible on his globe; and that there is no such thing as solar heat. What is popularly called so, is only the heat caused by the friction of the waves of light passing through the atmosphere



or striking against the earth. "We approach the question of the sun's inhabitability," says Sir David Brewster, "with the certain knowledge that the sun is not a red hot globe, but that its nucleus is a solid, opaque mass, receiving very little light from its luminous atmosphere." For ought we know, the dark, solid nucleus of the sun may have existed for millions of years and given out no light whatever. It is quite possible that variations of the sun's light may have been caused through electrical action. The telescope has shown us that the fixed stars are also luminous bodies similar to our sun, only very far distant from us." Some of these have suddenly flashed into existence, where none were previously visible. The appearance of twenty-one such stars is on record. Others have greatly increased in brightness; and still further, many familiar suns have ceased to shine. On a careful re-examination of the heavens, many stars are found to be missing." (*Herschel's Outlines, Sec. 832.*)

The variation of our supply of light from the sun, is the only explanation we have of the great alterations of heat and cold, which have been so extensive as at one period to have clothed high northern latitudes, such as Greenland and Siberia, with a more than tropical luxuriance of vegetation, and at another time to have buried vast tracts of Europe and America, now enjoying a genial climate, under vast glaciers and mountains of ice.

Again, light, so far from being solely derived from the sun, exists in, and can be educed from, almost any known substance. The metallic bases of most earths and alkalies are capable of emitting light in suitable electrical conditions, and a brilliant flame can be produced by the combustion even of water. All the metals can be made to flash forth lightnings under suitable electric and magnetic excitements; and the crystals of several rocks give out light during the process of crystallization. Thousands of miles of the earth's surface must once have presented the lurid glow of a vast furnace of melted granite. Even at a far later period of its history, it may have shown with a luster little inferior to that of the sun; for lime, of which unknown thousands of miles of its strata consists, when subject to a heat much less than that produced by contact with melted granite or lava, emits a brilliant white light of such intensity that the eye cannot support its luster. (*See Turner's Chemistry, Sec. 160.*)

As is well known, the moon is a dark, opaque body, therefore the copper color of the moon, during a total eclipse, when the dark side of the earth is turned towards the moon, shows us that the earth even now is a source of light. That God could command the light to shine out of darkness, and convert the very ocean into a magnificent illumination, the following fact clearly proves:

"Captain Bonnycastle coming up the gulf of St. Lawrence, on the 7th of September, 1826, was roused by the mate of the vessel in great alarm from an unusual appearance. It was a starlight night, when suddenly the sky became overcast in the direction of the highland of Cornwallis County, and an instantaneous and intensely vivid light, resembling the aurora, or northern lights, shot out of the hitherto dark and gloomy sea, on the lee bow, which was so brilliant that it lighted every thing distinctly even to the mast-head. The light spread over the whole sea between the two shores, and the waves, which before had been tranquil, now began to be agitated. Captain Bonnycastle describes the scene as that of a blazing sheet of awful and most brilliant light. A long and vivid line of light, superior in brightness to the parts of the sea not immediately near the vessel, showed the base of

the high frowning and dark land abreast; the sky became lowering and more intensely obscure. Long tortuous lines of light showed immense numbers of large fish darting about as if in consternation. The top-sail yard and mizen boom were lighted by the glare, as if gas-lights had been burning directly below them; and until just before daybreak, at four o'clock, the most minute objects were distinctly visible." (*Connection of Physical Sciences, p. 288.*)

In the fourth and fifth verses of the first chapter of Genesis we are told, "And God saw the light, that it was good: and God divided the light from the darkness. And God called the light day, and the darkness He called night. And the evening and morning were the first day."

In spite of all the sneers of infidels, the candid reader finds the divine record sublime in its simplicity. The good effect of light upon our planet was immediately apparent. The earth having now become sufficiently condensed to cast a shadow, there was of course one side enjoying the light of the sun while the other was in shadow. Thus the dark body of the earth was the means by which God divided the light from the darkness, as at the present; and the first rotation of the earth upon its axis causing the shadow and the light to be alternately on every part of the earth, produced the evening and the morning of the first day. How long the first day was, we know not. From observations of phenomena going on in the Spiral Nebula, at the present time it is reasonable to suppose that the first revolution of the earth upon its axis occupied a vast epoch of time.

The next process in the organization of the earth was the forming of an atmosphere: "And God said, let there be a firmament [literally *expanse*] in the midst of the waters, and let it divide the waters from the waters. And God made the firmament, and divided the waters, which were under the firmament from the waters which were above the firmament: and it was so." (*Gen. i. 6-7.*)

Now let us turn to the book of nature and see how science corroborates these facts. Geologists tell us that the motion of the particles of matter which form the earth, in course of condensation became very hot; for heat and motion are only different names for the same thing. Heat is easily convertible into motion as every one knows who has seen a steam engine, and motion can easily be changed into heat, as everybody knows, by friction, that is by rubbing two substances together.

M. Maugin, in his "Mysteries of the Ocean," thus graphically describes the first formation of the universal ocean: "As the earth continued to cool, a time arrived when its temperature became insufficient to maintain in a state of vapor the vast masses of water which floated in the atmosphere. These vapors would pass into a liquid state, and then the first rain fell upon the earth. This water would in turn be quickly evaporated and again ascend into the colder regions of space, where it would again condense and fall upon the earth. This might take place many times; but each time the earth would become cooler, for each time much heat would be withdrawn from the surface of the globe, and at last the waters would settle down and form a universal ocean. And the evening and the morning were the second day."

Further we are told, "And God said, Let the waters under the heaven be gathered together unto one place, and let the dry land appear: and it was so. And God called the dry land earth; and the gathering together of the waters called He seas." (*Gen. I. 9, 10.*)

Mark the phrase, *unto one place*. The oceans and seas are all connected; they are only names for parts of one place or



basin. In the 104th Psalm we are told that God covered the earth "with the deep as with a garment; the waters stood above the mountains." Concerning the early condition of the earth, science declares, that the waters encased the whole globe, and were above the early mountains, which were afterwards formed by the contortions caused by the shrinking of the crust of the earth as it cooled.

Helmholtz has calculated that the shrinking of the earth, one ten-thousandth of its diameter, would generate an amount of heat equal to that which the earth received from the sun during two thousand years. From this fact we may easily perceive the causes of that internal heat which after the lapse of unknown ages still manifests itself in geysers, earthquakes and volcanoes. Here also we may perceive that mighty force by which the Divine chemist prepared the materials for the earth's ultimate condition.

When God created light, He pronounced it good; when He divided the dry land from the waters, He pronounced it good. But when He created the firmament or expanse, He did not declare it good; why, possibly because until vegetation began it was loaded with carbonic acid and other poisonous gases and totally unfit to support animal life. Science teaches us that this was the period when those strata known as the *primary rocks* were formed. No remains of animal life can be found in them. It is a well-known fact that most substances shrink as they cool. This is the principle that holds the tires upon wagon wheels. In the same manner, the earth also shrank, in proportion as it cooled. As the various parts might give out heat in an unequal manner, so irregularities would appear on its surface, forming the earliest mountain chains, valleys, rents and ravines. Gradually as these early mountains and table-lands rose above the surface of the primeval ocean, the waves would dash against them and the rains fall slowly wearing away the rocks, and thus forming the earliest soil on the new-made world.

Continuing our investigations, let us turn to another chapter of the book of nature, and see how closely the teachings of science agree with the record given by Moses: "And God said, Let the earth bring forth grass (literally sproutage), the herb yielding seed, and the fruit tree yielding fruit after his kind, whose seed is in itself, upon the earth; and it was so." (*Gen. i., 11.*)

Mark the order, first the sproutage; second, seed-bearing herbs; and thirdly, fruit-bearing trees. Now what does science say on this subject? It tells us that the exact geological period, when plants first appeared upon the earth, cannot be told; for their delicate structure was such that their earliest forms have been entirely destroyed, unless they are those which are still preserved in the strata of the coal measures. The earliest forms of which we have any knowledge were flowerless plants, which produced minute spores instead of seeds. Among these may be classed fungi, mosses and ferns. Thus we see how correctly Moses has described the first form of vegetable life by simply speaking of it as *sproutage*, without mentioning any seed.

"With regard to this vegetation, it would imply the existence of sunlight, though some of the lower orders would require but little." The atmosphere was still dense and loaded with vapor. The lower orders of flowerless plants were succeeded by tree-like ferns, some of which grew to the enormous height of forty or fifty feet. The careful observer will frequently find traces of this early vegetation in the lumps of common coal. Sometimes the galleries of coal mines are overhung with beautiful proportions of extinct vegetable

forms. Thus a wise Providence has preserved the remains of primeval vegetation for perhaps millions of years, to tell us the story of those ancient forests, and reveal to us the various steps of creation. "The vegetation of the coal period presents a remarkable character, being composed almost entirely of the highest class of the flowerless plants, along with a few of the lowest class of those that flower." (*Dawson's Chain of Life*, p. 96.)

Concerning the climatic condition of the earth during the coal-forming, as it is called, *carboniferous* period, the description given by Hugh Miller, the eminent geologist, may not be out of place: "From the circumstance that no dew is deposited in our summer evenings, save under a clear sky, it is now ascertained that even a thin covering of cloud—serving as a robe to keep the earth warm—prevents the surface heat of the planet from radiating into the space beyond. And such a cloud, thick and continuous, as must have wrapped round the earth, as with a mantle, during the earlier geologic periods, would have served to retard for many ages the radiation, and consequently the reduction, of that internal heat of which it was itself a consequence. Nor would a planet covered over for ages with a thick screen of vapor, be a novelty yet in the universe. It is doubtful whether astronomers have ever yet looked on the face of Mercury. It is at least very generally held that hitherto only his clouds have been seen. Even Jupiter, though it is thought his mountains have been occasionally detected raising their peaks through openings in his cloudy atmosphere, is known chiefly by the dark shifting bands that, flecking his surface in the line of his trade-winds, belonging not to his body, but to his thick, dark covering. Nor, yet further, would a warm, steaming atmosphere, muffled in clouds, have been unfavorable to a rank flowerless vegetation like that of the coal measures.

"There are moist, mild, cloudy days of Spring and early Summer, that rejoice the heart of the farmer, for he knows how conducive they are to the young growth on his fields. The coal measure climate would have consisted of an unbroken series of these, with, mayhap, a little more of cloud and moisture and a great deal more of heat. The earth would have been a vast greenhouse covered with smoked glass, and a vigorous, though, perhaps, a loosely knit and faintly-colored vegetation would have luxuriated under its shade. That the vegetable growth must have been very great we can easily imagine when we consider the immense quantities of coal throughout the world. It is a remarkable circumstance that from the equatorial regions up to the Melville Island, in the Arctic ocean, where continual frost now prevails, and from Spitzbergen to the center of Africa, the remains of the plants of the coal measures are identically the same. There seems to have been then only one climate over the whole globe, caused no doubt by the internal heat of the earth. We should not forget that Moses puts the elevating of the land and the production of vegetation in the same geological period, viz., between the second and third day."

"And the evening and the morning were the third day." (*Gen. i. 13.*) Before this time there seems to have been no seasons; but after that, God appointed the sun, moon and stars, "to give light upon the earth and to be for signs, and for seasons, and for days and for years."

---

Do good if you expect to receive it.



## HISTORY OF THE CHURCH.

*(Continued from page 349.)*

ACCOMPANYING the public address was a private letter from Hon. John M. Coleman, of the State Executive Committee, addressed to President Brigham Young and others, in which he said:

"I am not a stranger to the troubles with which you have been afflicted, as well in Missouri as in Illinois, having had the Missouri difficulties communicated to me by the late Joseph Smith some years since while traveling through the State of Indiana on his way to Washington City. Your more recent troubles in the state of Illinois are vivid in the recollection of all, a lasting monument of violence and bloodshed, which will sully the pages of our country's history for ages to come, and which will be read with astonishment by Christian nations throughout the world. Driven, as you have been by lawless violence from two States of this Union, and now wending your way as you are, to some chosen spot, some sequestered retreat in the far west, where you can reinstate yourselves in the possession of peaceful homes and quiet firesides—where you can worship according to your own creed, where you may grow in the arts and sciences, rear up institutions of learning of all grades, from the log cabin school house up to the stately edifice in which the highest literary honors may be acquired, and where peace and plenty may crown your annual toil.

"In order to carry out an enterprise of this kind successfully, the ground work must be laid upon a proper basis, the foundation must be laid upon the best structure, otherwise the same difficulties which have attended you heretofore, will follow you into the Rocky Mountains, or whithersoever you may go. Should you make a location in the Indian country, which must of necessity be the case, if you stop anywhere in the spurs of the Rocky Mountains, you cannot avoid collision with the Indian tribes owning the lands upon which you may settle. This will be unavoidable for any length of time, however friendly they may at first appear. I speak from experience on this point, from a long and intimate knowledge of the Indian character. To avoid these difficulties and for the better security of your laudable enterprise, the first step preliminary to a general movement westward, to any given point upon a large scale, should be to secure the protection of the general government; and the most efficient way of doing this, would be, for the United States to purchase a tract of country of sufficient extent to accommodate a population commensurate with your present and prospective wants, and which would enable you, with confidence to concentrate your people once more, and to reorganize them into the social compact, under a guarantee of protection from the savage scalping-knife. This will follow as a natural consequence, growing out of the purchase.

"The tide of emigration which is setting for the western slope of the Rocky mountains, and for the rich valleys bordering on the Pacific ocean, two thousand miles of which is now owned by, and in the possession of the people of the United States, would, ere long, place you on the great highway between the present States of this Union, formed out of the territory north-west of the Ohio river, including Iowa and Missouri, and those States to be formed on the Pacific in the same parallel of latitude, such a selection and location as you contemplate, commanding the mountain pass, and embracing other advantages, could not fail to cheer the drooping spirits of your people, and arouse them to a system of industry and enterprise, which would cause them to grow and flourish with a

rapidity unparalleled in the annals of western improvements. Nor are the advantages of such settlement to be confined to your people alone; the government will be no less benefitted by the grand enterprise, if wisely carried out. By the industry of your people, they would have the means of supplying provisions at a point remote from navigation and other sources of supply, and thereby be alike beneficial to the government and to themselves.

"Government stores and Indian supplies will be required in that region, which cannot be procured without an immense expense, in any other way than from the hand of the industrious husbandman. By this means and through the medium of emigrating parties and travelers going westward, a good market would be afforded for all the surplus of every description, whether it be grain or live stock, for many years to come.

"These considerations would have great weight with a just and wise administration, in furthering your views if properly represented; more especially a new administration just coming into power, which would be looking forward to all the diversified interests of the great west. This naturally brings to view the subject of the next presidential election, and the interests you have at stake in the result.

"That General Taylor will be the next president there is scarcely any remaining doubt—that by casting your influence in favor of the old hero, would be gratefully remembered by him, cannot be questioned, and by securing Whig senators and representatives to Congress from this State through your influence, your claims for consideration would be placed in the most favorable light, and which could not fail to secure to you those advantages, privileges and immunities to which your enterprising spirit would so justly entitle you.

"In exploring the country and in making roads thousands of miles through trackless deserts, where the footsteps of civilized man had scarcely ever trod, you have conferred a benefit upon the country and government, which will not be overlooked or lightly treated by a just and wise administration, such as we would have a right to expect from the noble, generous-hearted and magnanimous hero of Palo Alto, Resaca De La Palma, Monterey and Buena Vista.

"Dollars and cents in my judgment sink into absolute insignificance when compared with the moral and physical benefits to grow out of the consummation of the foregoing plans. There is an elevated and sublime thought, and a solemn grandeur presented to the mind in contemplating the spirit of the Pilgrim Fathers who reared the standard of the cross at Plymouth rock in the new world, more than two centuries ago, now west of the Mississippi, traveling onward toward the setting sun.

"May the Latter-day Saints in the pioneer march westward, carry with them the true spirit of charity, brotherly love and national fidelity; may they forget the past, and henceforth cultivate the principles of friendship to all. In this lies their strength, their true happiness and their ultimate prosperity and glory as a people."

*(To be Continued.)*


---

By doing nothing we learn to do ill.

---

It is a manly act to forsake an error.



## Travels in India.

BY WILLIAM FOTHERINGHAM.

(Continued from page 354.)

ONE class of degraded humanity that takes a very prominent part at Puri during the *Rath Zatra*, or car festival, is the fakirs. The word "Fakir," is derived from the Arabic "Fakhar," meaning a beggar. They are to be seen in great force at every Hindoo shrine. They work themselves up to a religious frenzy, and roam through the country as beggars, living a life of poverty and torturing the body, having it smeared with cow-dung and ashes, presenting a disgusting appearance which they conceive is highly pleasing to Deity. It is a few of the most fanatical of this class that are ready to throw themselves under the wheels of the monster car.

There are about three million of this class of population in India, two-thirds of which are Hindoos, and one-third Mahometans, who are known by the appellation of "Dervishes." They are the same type of men who were numerous in Europe during the middle ages, and no doubt adopted this habit from the Fakirs of India, whose origin reaches back to remote ages. These flagellants and monks would imagine they were doing God service by mutilating their bodies in various forms. They would lacerate their bodies with short whips, walk with peas in their shoes and sit on tall pillars in one position for years. The Fakirs arrive at Juggernaut, some measuring the distance from their homes to Puri by the length of their bodies. The writer has both met and passed Fakirs in this attitude. Others would crawl on their hands and knees, and many would have their feet tied and jump the distance. The majority of these Fakir pilgrims would march naturally, but restrict themselves to eating and sleeping once every three days during the journey. Some would have attached to their bodies human bones as ornaments, others would have their bodies bedecked with the skins of the cobra and other serpents. It is much to be lamented the extremes they will descend to in self-torture. In fact, it is almost incredible to those who have not seen for themselves. Just imagine a human being that allows himself to be worked up to such a pitch, that he imagines it is pleasing to Deity for him to sit passively and smiling, with uplifted arms, between four fires, while the scorching rays of the tropical sun are pouring down upon his unprotected head. Others pass their entire lives in iron cages, loaded with heavy chains. You will see another perched upon a plank which bristles with sharp-pointed irons that penetrate the flesh of the victim. Another has made a vow to be perpetually silent; lest he should break his promise, he will burn his lips and have them stitched together, leaving a small hole to admit of liquid food. You will see another stretched upon the ground, with a load of wood piled upon him. Others will have their arms and legs twisted. I might name many other cases of self-torture that would be too nauseating to read. The parties who can endure this self-mortification become regenerated, *Sannyasis*. This class has reached a point that the world has no longer any claim upon them. They need no farther preparations for beatitude, hence they spend the remainder of their days in the observance of truth, chastity and internal virtue, clothed in filthy rags and subsisting on the poorest kind of food. How supremely thankful those ought to be who know the Lord, and can clearly realize what is required of them. It is a great blessing to know enough to be saved

from self tortures, humbug, nonsense and other religious vagaries introduced through the caprice of men.

The foregoing is but a meagre outline of the outer life of the Fakir, who capers, sings and shouts among the motely multitude that congregates at Juggernaut during the *Rath Zatra*. The rajah, who has charge of the temple and festival, has special perquisites, one of which is the supplying of the pagoda with great quantities of rice, which is cooked and prepared by cooks who are of the lowest caste among the people. This rice, which is of a peculiar kind, is sold to the pilgrims who carry it home as something of great worth to their families and friends.

During the festival all class or caste distinctions are waived. The Hindoos as a people are very tenacious in relation to their eating and preparing their food. The Brahmins consider their victuals polluted if one of a lower caste or a European should touch it; even if the shadow of such were to fall upon it, or within the circle that has been swept, sprinkled and dedicated for the preparation of the meal it would be rendered unfit for use. I once touched with a bamboo rod a pot containing the cooked rice of one of the lowest caste; he immediately laid the earthen pot at my feet, stating its value, and demanding the pay as he had no farther use for it.

To kill a cow or a Brahmin is the greatest sin known in the Hindoo decalogue, yet any person who commits that heinous crime removes every stain of guilt from himself for this and the future life by eating a single grain of this holy rice. This rice is accepted by the orthodox as having great efficacy and virtue, and is called *mahaprasad*, the leavings of the great offering. In my associations with Brahmins and other castes they would tell of calamities that came upon such as despised the leavings of the idols, thus bringing upon their heads the wrath of a despised god.

## LORD NELSON.

(Continued from page 359.)

NELSON'S health was still in a precarious state. Nevertheless, he was ordered to the North Seas, and kept there a whole Winter. It was during this period that he acquired that knowledge of the Danish coast which, years after, and on a memorable day, he turned to good account. On returning to the Downs, he sailed in the *Albemarle* for Canada.

After cruising for some time, the *Albemarle* was ordered to convoy a fleet of transports to New York, and, on arrival at Sandy Hook, Nelson waited on Admiral Digby, the commander-in-chief.

"You have come to a fine station for prize-money," remarked the admiral.

"Yes, sir," said Nelson; "but I would rather be on the West India station. The West Indies is the station for honor."

Fortunately for the fulfillment of his desires, Lord Hood, who had been intimate with Captain Suckling, happened at that time to be at Sandy Hook with a detachment of the fleet which under Rodney had defeated the Spaniards. At Nelson's request, Hood used his influence with Digby to get the *Albemarle's* company; and Nelson, having obtained Digby's reluctant consent, gladly sailed for the station where honor was to be won. There Nelson became acquainted with Prince William Henry, afterward duke of Clarence and king of England. Lord Hood, who introduced them to each other, took



the opportunity of paying Nelson a high compliment, and the royal sailor expressed his surprise at the hero's appearance.

"He was the merest boy of a captain I had ever seen," said the prince, "dressed in a full-laced uniform, and old-fashioned waistcoat with long flaps, and with his lank, unpowdered hair tied in a stiff Hessian tail of extraordinary length, making altogether so remarkable a figure that I had never seen anything like it before. Nor could I imagine who he was, nor what he had come about. But his address and conversation were irresistibly pleasing, and when he spoke on professional subjects, it was with an enthusiasm that showed he was no common being."

Soon after Nelson's introduction to Prince William Henry, the peace of 1783 was signed, and the *Albemarle*, returning to England, was paid off. Nelson remained for a time without employment, paid a visit to France, and resided for a while at St. Omer's; but, falling in love without being in circumstances to indulge in matrimony, he determined to overcome his attachment, left France with the resolution of applying for a ship, and made his appearance at the Admiralty, where Lord Howe then presided as first lord. The result was his appointment to the *Boreas*, in which he went to the Leeward Islands, and occupied himself with enforcing the provisions of the Navigation Act against the Americans. At the same time he became enamored of a young widow; and the circumstances on this occasion being such as seemed to justify a dash at matrimony, he married in the Spring of 1787, and Prince William Henry, then in the West Indies, was present by his own desire to give away the bride.

After having been three years on the West India station, the *Boreas* was ordered to Europe. Nelson, who was again in wretched health, sighed for the green fields of his native county. However, the *Boreas* was kept for months at the Nore; and he was so much mortified at this circumstance, that when at length, in November, orders came for paying off the vessel, he could not refrain from expressing his indignation at the treatment with which she had met.

"I hear that orders have come for the *Boreas* being paid off," said an officer of the *Medway*.

"Yes," said Nelson, "it will release me forever from an ungrateful service, for it is my firm determination never again to set foot on board a king's ship."

"Really!" said the officer.

"Yes," continued Nelson. "Immediately on my arrival in town I shall go to the Admiralty, wait on the first lord, and resign my commission."

Being a man of sense, the officer of the *Medway* refrained from remonstrating; but he privately communicated with Lord Howe; and Nelson was immediately, by a letter from the first lord, politely requested to call as soon as he reached London. Going to the Admiralty, he held a satisfactory conversation with Lord Howe, and, on being presented to George the III on a levee day, met with so gracious a reception from the king that his discontent evaporated.

With his feelings soothed and his mind more at ease, Nelson repaired with his wife to Norfolk, and took up his quarters at Burnham-Thorpe. For some time he cheerfully occupied himself with rural affairs, assisted to cultivate his father's glebe, amused himself with digging in the garden, sometimes went bird-nesting like a boy, and at others indulged in greyhound coursing and partridge-shooting.

While enjoying rural leisure, however, Nelson began to pant for the salt water; and, when the French revolution came to a height, and England appeared on the eve of war, he

lost no time in offering his services. In consequence, he was, on the 30th of January, 1793, appointed to the *Agamemnon*, a ship of sixty-four guns. It was nine days after the head of Louis the XVI had fallen on the scaffold, and two days before the French convention declared war with England. But Nelson went not the less readily that there was a prospect of fighting the ancient enemies of his country. He hated the French, and he was at no trouble to conceal his hatred.

When Nelson took the command of the *Agamemnon*, he was ordered to the Mediterranean, and, after some severe service under Lord Hood, was detached with a small squadron to Corsica to aid General Paoli against the French. At the siege of Calvi, where he highly distinguished himself, a shot happened to strike the ground near him, and drove sand and gravel into his eye. Nelson treated the accident lightly, and did not allow it to confine him for more than a single day. Even when writing to Lord Hood he merely mentioned that he had got a little hurt. However, it proved serious, for the sight was lost.

After the fall of Calvi Lord Hood sent Nelson's journal to England for the perusal of the government. Nevertheless, his services were overlooked, and his name was not even mentioned in the *Gazette*. Nelson was naturally annoyed; but he consoled himself with the thought that he would find a way of making ministers of state treat him with more respect. "They have not done me justice," he said; "but never mind, I'll have a *Gazette* of my own one day."

When Sir John Jervis took command of the fleet in the Mediterranean, Nelson, who was then at Leghorn, hastened to present himself, and met with a reception which was such as to excite envy.

"The *Agamemnon* is to go home," said Jervis; "but you can have either the *St. George* or the *Zealous*."

"If the *Agamemnon* is ordered home," said Nelson, "I should, on many accounts, like to return to England."

"But we cannot spare you," said Jervis conclusively.

Nelson now hoisted his broad pendant on board of the *Minerva*. He soon after signalized his prowess by the capture of a Spanish frigate, and on this occasion had an opportunity of showing his chivalry. Finding that the commander was Don Jacobo Stuart, a descendant of the famous Duke of Berwick, Nelson, with a respect due to a brave man whose ancestors had been kings of England, returned the Don's sword, and sent him with a flag of truce to Carthagen.

But a great event was on the wing. At this time Nelson became convinced that an important battle would ere long be fought, and had no fears of the result, except, indeed, that he might not be present to share the glory. Fortune, however, proved more favorable than he anticipated. One day in February, 1797, having just made his way with a convoy from Porto Ferrajo to Gibraltar, Nelson proceeded westward in search of Jervis, and at the mouth of the Straits fell in with the Spanish fleet. Reaching the station off St. Vincent, he immediately communicated the intelligence, and having shifted his broad pendant to the *Captain*, greatly contributed to the victory. The sword which the Spanish rear admiral surrendered to Nelson on the occasion, and which Jervis insisted on his retaining, he presented to the mayor and corporation of Norwich. His provincial pride was strong; and there was no place, he said, where it could give him and his family more pleasure to have such a trophy kept than in the capital city of the county where he was born. Jervis, for this great victory, was created an earl, with the title of St. Vincent; and Nelson, who had previously been promoted to the rank of rear admiral, was rewarded with the Order of the Bath.

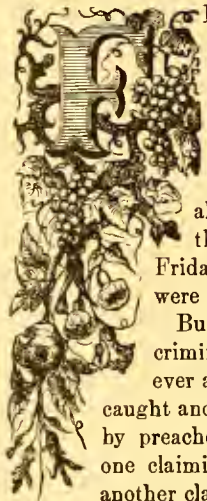


## The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, - - - EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, DECEMBER 15, 1883.

### EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.



FRIDAY is called "hang-man's day," because criminals who are condemned to die, are sentenced to be hung on that day. Probably this is one reason why many people think Friday an unlucky day. They will not start upon a journey or do any important business on that day. This is all nonsense. One day is no more lucky than another, and a journey commenced on Friday is just as likely to be prosperous as if it were commenced on any other day.

But we mention Friday here because of the criminals who are hung on that day. Whenever a man commits a horrid murder, and is caught and put in prison, he is immediately visited by preachers. Sometimes they quarrel over him, one claiming that he belongs to his church, and another claiming him as a member of his flock. But a guilty wretch of this character has no trouble in getting all the ministers he wants. They seem to take delight in reading the Bible to such persons and praying with them. The more wicked they are, the greater crimes they have committed, the more they will work with them. They try to convert them, as they call it; because if they can convert them they tell them they will go right straight to heaven. One can scarcely read of a murderer being hung without being told that a preacher or preachers have been with him. The preacher reads to him and prays for him, and the guilty wretch tells the people around him that his sins are forgiven and he is now going to Jesus. We have read of some of these people expressing thanks that they had committed the crimes for which they were to be hung, because, through them, they had been brought to repentance and were going to heaven. No murderer, however many dreadful crimes he may have committed, if he will listen to the preacher and his prayers, is ever told by him that he will go to hell. If they believe the preachers, murderers never go there. They all go to heaven.

On last Friday a murderer who had been guilty of almost every crime that can be thought of was hung close to the city (Washington) where we are now writing. We cannot write the crimes of which he was guilty besides murder. But he made what is called a confession to the minister, in which he excused himself as well as he could and blamed others. On the scaffold the minister read a Psalm and made a prayer. Then the murderer made a short speech, and acknowledged the murder; but said he was not sorry to go, as God would forgive his sins, etc. He was then hung.

It is frequently the case that these murderers are visited by people who are curious to see them and by newspaper reporters who publish what they say, and they are so much petted by the preachers that they think themselves heroes, and by the ignorant of their own class are looked upon as heroes. The newspapers have much more to say about them than if they were good, well-behaved citizens. In this way others are

encouraged to commit the same crimes. They know that they will become notorious by so doing, and if they should be hung that their last words and their deaths will be published by all the newspapers, and they will go off with some degree of glory, and, as the preachers say, right to heaven. Why not, then, they think, make a noise in the world in this manner as well as any other?

In this way, we believe murders are encouraged. The punishment for the crime is stripped of its terror by the false teaching of the preachers. The murderers are misled and deceived into thinking, that when they are hung they are going right into the arms of Jesus. Oh! dreadful falsehood. The Apostle John says: "Ye know that no murderer hath eternal life abiding in him."

The Prophet Joseph, speaking upon this subject, says as follows: "Remission of sins by baptism was not to be preached to murderers. All the priests of Christendom might pray for a murderer on the scaffold forever, but could not avail so much as a gnat towards their forgiveness. There is no forgiveness for murderers; they will have to wait until the times of redemption shall come, and that in hell. Peter had the keys of eternal judgment, and he saw David in hell, and knew for what reason, and that David would have to remain there until the resurrection at the coming of Christ."

No Elder in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints who understands his duty would baptize a man who had been guilty of wilful murder. For such a crime, according to the law of God, his blood should be shed; for it is a crime which tears and repentance alone cannot entirely wash away. What a horrible doctrine it is to teach that men who have been steeped in vice all their days and been guilty of the most horrible crimes, are going, when they die, into the society of the holy and the pure and of those whose entire lives have been devoted to works of righteousness! Jesus and many of the prophets and apostles were killed for their righteousness, how could men strangled for their murders and other abominable crimes abide their presence?

In contrast with the false teaching of preachers to murderers, is another kind of false teaching which so-called Christian ministers have given to the world.

Radbod was a king of the Frisians at the beginning of the eighth century. He died in the year A. D. 719. He fought gallantly against Charles Martel, or as he was called, Charles the Hammer, king of the Franks. Some English missionaries had been preaching in Frisia, a part of the country that is now called Holland, and to his people, doing their best to convince him and them of the truth of their doctrines. Prominent among them was the famous Boniface, or, as he was called in England, Winfrith. From motives of policy, or perhaps from real conviction, Radbod concluded he would renounce the faith of his fathers and turn Christian. Arrangements were made for him to be sprinkled with water, which is sometimes improperly called baptism. When he came up to the font to be sprinkled a thought suddenly occurred to him. He had ancestors whose memories were dear to him, a long line of illustrious kings, and they had died in the faith which he was about to renounce. What was their fate? They had died without being christened or sprinkled by Christian priests. He turned to the bishop who was ready to admit him into the fold of the church, and asked him, where his fathers had gone who had died without being christened.

The bishop replied that they had gone to hell.

"Whither they have gone will I go!" said Radbod, and turned on his heel and walked away from the font.



Every feeling of his nature revolted at the thought that they, who had never had the opportunity of hearing the name of Christ, should be sent to hell. It was not their fault that they were ignorant of what the priests taught; and, as a king, he could see no justice in condemning men to endless torment for not obeying laws which they had never heard. An earthly king who had any love for his subjects, or any respect for the right, would shrink from such an act of tyranny. How much more the King of heaven!

HERE were millions of persons, who, like Radbod's ancestors, had lived and died without hearing of Jesus Christ. They had not transgressed any law of the gospel, for they had never heard it; and as Paul says, "For where no law is, there is no transgression." But this so-called Christian priest taught that they had gone to hell! Not damned for disobedience, but damned for ignorance—for not believing and obeying truths which they had never heard! They might have been moral, pure and honest people; they would still, however, be damned.

But, mark the inconsistency in the teachings of these so-called ministers of the gospel!

A murderer who has lived all his days in open defiance of the laws of God and man, who has committed numberless crimes, is caught at last and condemned to death. Ministers call upon him. They pray with him. They tell him heaven is open to him if he will do what they say. Frightened at the approach of death he submits to them. He dies consoling himself with the assurance they have given that his spirit will wing its way to eternal glory and bliss. But what of his poor victim? According to their teachings, if he has not had their services he may have gone to hell. The cruel murderer in heaven; the innocent victim in hell!

Is it any wonder that men reject such teachings and call themselves infidels? Is it any wonder that the Lord disowns people who teach such monstrous doctrines and call them His?

## TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE editorial remarks which I have just read respecting the life and character of Charles C. Rich have aroused a flood of recollection in my own mind concerning him, which to me are of the most interesting character. Though I am away from home on public business, and am prevented from taking part in his funeral obsequies, fortunately I can write for my juvenile friends some few thoughts concerning a man, whose example is worthy of their imitation. Charles C. Rich and myself were not only brethren and fellow-laborers, but we were united in the tenderest ties of friendship. Probably outside of his own family no one now living had a better opportunity of knowing him than I had. I count it as the most happy feature of my life, next to the privilege of receiving the gospel, to have had such associations as I have formed with the leading men of this Church. For while it has been my privilege to meet and become acquainted with many leading men of the world—men who are prominent in various walks of life—especially in our nation—there being but few political leaders of national reputation with whom I have not a personal acquaintance—I take the greatest pleasure in saying to my young readers that I have never known, whether individ-

ually or collectively, men of such perfect characters—great and perfect in all the qualities which constitute true manhood, as the leading men of this Church. General Thomas L. Kane, himself an excellent judge of men, and of varied acquaintance and experience among leading men of this and other lands, remarked to me not long ago, in speaking of President Young and the Twelve Apostles, as he knew them in early life, that they were the bravest men he ever knew, and as he characteristically added, "I am a judge of the article pluck when I see it." Conspicuous among them has stood Brother Charles C. Rich. Among steadfast, brave and kind men he was noted for his caution, bravery, steadfastness and kindness; among men of simplicity of character, of honesty, of sound judgment and of deep conscientiousness he was remarkable for the eminent possession of those qualities; in none of these excellencies of character did he come behind the most favored of his brethren.

My attention was first drawn to him when I was a boy at Nauvoo. I had heard and read of his conduct in Missouri—that he had been shot at while bearing a flag of truce, and that he was both feared and hated by the mob for his activity and courage. He was then a prominent officer of the Legion, and among other illustrious men whom I had learned to revere, I admired him. He was then in the full bloom of life, between thirty and thirty-five years of age, six feet in height, and, in his uniform, he looked the perfection of physical manhood. But it was not till after we left Nauvoo that I felt that he knew me well enough to admit of my speaking to him. Our acquaintance was made more familiar through an accident which occurred on the Platte river, in the Summer of 1847, while on our journey from Winter Quarters to the valley. It became necessary one day for the company in which I was traveling to pass through the line of General Rich's company. My team, which I had left standing while I went back to assist some of the other teams in crossing a difficult place, started on, and the point of the hub of the wagon I drove struck the rim of the wheel of one of Brother Rich's wagons and broke the axle-tree. I ran up in time to see what had been done, but not in time to prevent the damage. An axle-tree in that timberless region, and under those circumstances, was worth more than gold. I was exceedingly sorry, and bore patiently without any attempt at justification the reproof which Brother Rich gave me. The captain of our fifty (Orson Horne) told me to drive on, while he stayed behind to do what he could to repair the injury. Brother Rich was put to great inconvenience to get a new axle-tree; but by Captain Horne he sent to me his regrets for the manner in which he had spoken to me. He had learned that I was not so much to blame as appearances would indicate, and felt that he had spoken too harshly; but I thought I deserved all he said, and more too, for leaving my team in such a position where it could do such mischief. Though I was but a boy, he was too much of a gentleman to give me what he considered an undeserved reproof without making an apology.

In the Fall of 1849, General Rich was appointed a mission to California. He started out with a company of teams which were going by the Spanish trail, under the guidance of Major Jefferson Hunt, who had been employed as their pilot. A number of others, including myself, were also called to go to California; but we arranged to go through with pack animals. When we overtook the company with which General Rich was traveling, he decided to leave the ox train and join our pack company. It was a journey full of strange adventures and narrow escapes, sketches of which I wrote for early volumes



of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, and which I purpose, should circumstances be favorable, to embody in a more permanent form. I have always thought that his presence with us saved us from many perils, and it is not too much to say that he was the means, in the hands of the Lord, of saving our lives.

In passing through a very wild, rocky canyon, into which we had been led by trying to follow a route which had been described as a cut-off, my pack horse fell down a precipice and was so injured that he died that night. My riding horse was soon so reduced in flesh that I had to go afoot. When we left Fremont Springs we had a journey of fifty miles to make before we could get any water that we could drink, even then it was very poor. Probably in no part of the continent is there a more repelling desert than this stretch of fifty miles. At Salt Springs, which we passed about mid-day, I was deceived into drinking some of the water by one of the company, in joke representing it to be good, sweet water. I became wretchedly sick, and was forced to lie down several times, and did not reach the camp until late in the night. It was my turn to stand guard that night. Instead of going to bed and getting the rest which I so much needed, I fully expected to have to stand guard for three hours. Judge, then, of my surprise and gratitude when upon my arrival and making inquiry, I learned that General Rich had stood my guard! He thought I would be sufficiently fatigued, he said, after walking fifty miles, to need all the sleep I could get, without having to stand guard, so he had taken my place! Now, if I had been his equal in years or in other respects, this act of kindness might not, perhaps, have been worthy of any particular remark. It was such an act as thoughtful and dear friends might do one for the other. But General Rich was one of the Twelve Apostles, the chief man in the company, nearly old enough to be my father, while I was an obscure young man, just on the threshold of life, with nothing special about me to recommend me to his consideration and kindness but our common humanity. He was the last man in the company, because of the position he occupied, whom I would have looked for (if I had looked for any one) to have done me such a favor. You can imagine how much this kindness endeared him to me! It made an indelible impression upon me, which has been deepened and strengthened by acts of a similar character which I repeatedly witnessed during the long years of our subsequent intercourse.

It was during this mission that he, after consultation with Amasa M. Lyman, selected and set apart ten Elders, of whom I was the youngest, to go as missionaries to the Sandwich Islands. That mission was founded under his direction.

Allusion has been made to his and Amasa M. Lyman's mission to Europe, in 1860. They left home with the understanding that I would follow them that Fall, as soon as I returned from a mission I was then upon in the States. Upon their arrival in Liverpool they assumed, by appointment which they took with them, the presidency of the European mission, and took charge of the business and the editorial management of the *Millennial Star*. About three or four months after their arrival in Liverpool I reached there, bearing the appointment of the First Presidency to take charge of all the emigration, publishing and other business of the mission and the editorship of the *Star*, and to preside with them over the European mission. My position was a delicate one, and with some men might have been very embarrassing. The duties laid upon me were those usually assigned to the senior Apostle, where there was more than one in the same field. Those who have any acquaintance with that mission can easily understand how

easy it would be for men to get up feelings under such circumstances as we were in, especially when it is borne in mind that I was applied to by them, and by all the Elders in the mission, for information concerning emigration, the management of funds and everything which belonged to the general affairs of the mission. I was by many years the junior, and had only recently been ordained an Apostle, but during the time we labored together in this relationship, neither from Brother Charles C. Rich, nor from Amasa M. Lyman, was there a word or look that could be construed into dissatisfaction with the arrangement. If there was ever the shadow of a feeling in either of their minds, I never knew it. In speaking thus of Brother Charles C. Rich, I can do no less than mention in conjunction with him, Amasa M. Lyman, who on that occasion, displayed a magnanimity and freedom from jealousy that I shall never forget. But Brother Charles C. Rich was a man that would do his best in any position that might be assigned him. He was a meek man, and never failed in obedience or respect to whoever might be placed over him; at the same time he possessed that true manly dignity which belongs to a man who is fully conscious of the authority and respect which belongs to the priesthood and which no one who knew ever thought of withholding from him.

Other men might have had more intellectual ability than he; but he possessed in all the relations of life that goodness of character which is the chief element of greatness and made him the useful and prominent man that he was. His life is one that furnishes an excellent example to the rising generation in Zion.

## A FEW BRIEF REFLECTIONS.

BY J. C.

THE various religions of any note that have sprung up in the different centuries have had to contend with opposition, more or less; but we find that this opposition has gradually diminished with the lapse of time, and that eventually they have been accepted and regarded as necessary innovations, and as things in common with other systems of a kindred nature. We are speaking now of man-made systems of religion.

But when we examine into the history of true religion, or the religion that God instituted at various epochs of time to save and bless humanity, we find the reverse the case. No sooner has God revealed Himself in any of the ages, than Satan has promptly asserted himself, and sought, by all the means at his command, to stay the progress of such a cause, and to destroy those whom God had appointed to declare His will to the children of men.

With the records of the people of God in various ages, and their constant persecutions before the eyes of the world, we would naturally suppose that men would be observant of such things to a greater extent than we find them; but the enemy of righteousness darkens the minds of the children of men to all that is spiritually discerned, and seeks, by all means, to obscure their minds and close their eyes to the blessings which the gospel offers.

Satan is as obstinate and uncompromising to-day as he was the first moment he conceived the idea of being a rebellious spirit, and he will battle on with increasing assiduity as the end approaches. It will take all the righteous efforts that the people of God can make to ward off his cunning, subtle



advances. He will naturally seek the overthrow of those most who have made covenant with God, because he knows that if can, by any means, slacken their energies, or darken their minds on points of doctrine, he has gained a double victory.

Those who do not understand the things of God cannot be as servicable and important auxiliaries to him in prosecuting his purposes as those who, once knowing the truth, have turned aside. He knows that if he can gain an inroad on the integrity of the Saints, and make them stumble, he can make their minds darker and their deportment more reckless than if they had never known the light, and could thus use them to better advantage.

All who are in any way acquainted with the tactics and manœuvres of war, know what an advantage the enemy gains by getting intelligent deserters to join their ranks, and how they will chuckle over the acquisition, and use it to advantage in defeating the enemy's plans and operations.

But the enemy of righteousness can only do so much and no more. He can never turn aside the humble, prayerful heart from God. The Saints who are willing to be led by the voice of inspiration need never fear, come what may. The powers of truth are stronger than the powers of darkness, and although it may not seem so to the external, uninspired vision, it is a truth nevertheless, which has been amply demonstrated to the sons and daughters of God in this as well as in other dispensations of revelations and divine grace.

## SHE-NA-BA-WIKEN, "THE WHITE HORSE CHIEF."

BY ROB. W. SLOAN.

SHE-NA-BA-WIKEN, was a famous chief during the wars in Sanpete county with the Black Hawk Indians. He did not appear to be of greater consequence than an ordinary member of his tribe except during wars, when he took the lead, and was conspicuous for his great daring and the successful manner in which he guided his warriors. In a recent trip through Sanpete valley, I had Brother P. C. Petersen—son of President Petersen—for a companion, and from him I learned some very interesting items about the Indian wars, which, for so many years retarded the development of that prosperous county, and which resulted in the loss of so many lives and so much property. I was most interested in his references to She-na-ba-wiken.

As near as can be guessed, Black Hawk, a cunning and cruel being, planned all the raids that were made by the warriors of his tribe, and She-na-ba-wiken it was who lead the warriors and carried out the plans of the wily chief. One day the Indians gave the whites an honest and open fight. The reds were divided into parties, and attacked the whites from a number of points. It was noticed that whenever a company of the Indians began to waver, or retreat, an Indian on a magnificent white horse, would break from a band stationed and fighting at a different point, and ride headlong to the faltering company. Immediately upon his joining them, they seemed inspired with new energy and would nerve up to the fight with as much zeal as at the commencement. This course was maintained throughout the whole day; wherever a sign of weakness appeared, thither the Indian on the splendid white horse rode and upon his joining them the wavering

Indians gathered new strength. Of course, the whites knew he was the chief, and whenever he crossed from one point to another the cry went forth, "There goes that white horse chief," and so he became known as the "White Horse Chief." During nearly the whole of the war he rode the same splendid animal, and so fleet was it, and so great its power of endurance that the rider could keep on running around and around the fleetest horses the whites had, though the latter kept running straight ahead.

At the conclusion of the war, and when the treaty of peace was being arranged, She-na-ba-wiken, the "White Horse chief," was present and spoke. He said for three years he lost his heart, and his only delight had been to kill and rob the whites; but that his heart had returned to him; he no longer loved bloodshed or lawlessness, and that he would be a friend to the whites from that time forward. And he kept his word, for he has never been known to raise a hand or express a feeling against them since.

A peculiar story is told of him in this connection. It is said that after his last battle he returned to the chief camp and laid down to sleep; and so profound was the slumber that he lay as if dead for three days and nights, giving no signs of life. When he awoke he was a changed man, and said that he had been in the last fight in which he would ever engage. He told the other Indians that he had been to the Great Spirit; that the Great Spirit had given him back his heart; and told him to be at peace with all, and to fight no more. Whether the story be true or not, it is certain that She-na-ba-wiken has never raised his hands against the whites since. He is still alive, and whenever he passes through Ephraim, he stops at Brother Petersen's house.

## INVOCATION.

BY J. C.

FATHER and God, our lives inspire  
To do Thy holy will,  
And may it be our chief desire  
To serve and praise Thee still.

In days gone past we've proven Thee,  
As only those can do  
Who love Thy name and bend the knee  
With purpose pure and true.

Give us Thy grace in times to come,  
As granted in the past,  
That we may reach our spirit home,  
Redeemed from sin at last.

Oh, may we seek, as Thou hast said,  
Thy kingdom first to know,  
And test Thy promises, as made  
To all Thy sons below.

If only through obedience here,  
And sacrificial hand;  
We can before Thy throne appear,  
And in Thy presence stand.

Grant us, O God, we humbly pray,  
A meek, resigning will,  
That we may all Thy laws obey,  
And righteousness fulfill.



## TOMMY'S RECITATION.

BY HOMESPUN.

"TOMMY!"

"What, mamma?"

"Don't say '*what* mamma,' when I call you, but come to me, and answer 'Yes, mamma.'"

Tommy rather reluctantly left his building blocks, and slowly walked up to his mother's side, saying sullenly,

"Yes, mamma."

"What ails my little boy this morning? My son is not usually so naughty. What day is to-day?"

"Saturday."

"Yes, it is. Then what day is to-morrow?"

"Sunday."

"That's right; but hold up your head and answer bravely and promptly, don't be so rude and short in your answers."

The truth is, Tommy had an idea what his mamma was going to say to him, and he felt uncomfortable.

"If to-morrow is Sunday, your Sunday school will be held, and what did your teacher give you to do this week?"

"A recitation," moodily answered the little boy.

"Bring me your book, Tommy."

The book was brought, and the patient mother kindly opened it, and pleasantly asked Tommy to repeat the little piece to her, which she had selected on the previous Monday for his use.

The little boy repeated a line or two of the first verse, then halted and stammered; his mamma helped him along, prompting him, until he stopped, and, putting his finger poutingly to his mouth, utterly broke down.

His mamma did not even then lose patience with him, but kindly said,

"Tommy, have I not reminded you of your recitation every day this week?"

"Yes, mamma."

Now, my dear, you have been disobedient to me, and if I do not correct you at once, you will go to your Sunday school unprepared, and thus be disobedient to the teacher who has given you this task. It is always thus, my little boy, with sin; one sin leads to another, and if you cherish the spirit of disobedience, when you are grown to be a man, the sweet, pure spirit which you have now, will be warped and so under the control of disobedient, rebellious spirits, that there

will be no happiness for Tommy, his mamma, or any one else around him. So, my son, I have decided that you shall have nothing to eat until this piece is firmly fixed in your memory, and you can repeat it nicely to me."

Tommy's mamma grew very serious at the close of her remarks, and as she ceased to speak, she gravely laid the book on the table near Tommy and left the room.

Our little boy sat pouting a long while; then he thought he would play awhile, and tried to interest himself in his blocks. But it was a sad failure. His mind would dwell on the words his mother had spoken to him, and the picture of those wicked spirits of rebellion and disobedience rose up before him, and frightened him with the thought that they had possession of his own soul.

Presently he grew hungry, and he knew it must be dinner time. He heard his father come in, and when his step drew near the door of the room where Tommy was, he heard his mother call from the other end of the passage for him to come into the dining room at once, as "Tommy was very busy studying in the sitting room."

At last, the little boy could stand his misery no longer, and he began to cry heartily. This relieved him, and he made a very firm resolve to go at once to studying the all-important verses.





The task, once commenced in earnest, it was surprising how soon his lesson was indelibly stamped on his mind, for Tommy was a bright, quick little fellow; and then, how proudly he walked into his mamma's room, where she sat nursing the baby, and without one halt, repeated the piece from beginning to end.

Tommy was a happy little boy next day as he stood up in his class and recited the pretty lines he had learned, and the superintendent hearing them, called him to repeat them before the whole school.

As he walked home by his father's side, he said proudly, "I would rather recite a piece than eat my dinner."

And his father smiled, for he knew the history of Tommy's verses, and how he had gone without his dinner for his punishment and his recitation.

## AWARDS OF PRIZES.

THE committee, composed of Brothers Reynolds, Morgan and Cannon, to whom were referred the articles for which prizes were offered some time since, made the following awards:

For the article on the "Persecutions of the Saints;" First Prize, E. F. Parry, Salt Lake City; Second Prize, C. H. Bliss, Salt Lake City.

For the Dialogue; First Prize, "What is Charity," by Susa Young Gates of Provo; Second Prize, "First Principles," by James Dunn, Tooele City.

For the piece of poetry; First Prize, "Passing Away," by J. H. Ward, Salt Lake City; Second Prize, "I Once Was Pure," S. E. Russell, Salt Lake City.

For the Christmas Story; First Prize, Susa Young Gates, Provo; Second Prize, Lydia M. Johnson, Springville.

A number of the pieces which were handed in for competition, in addition to those above mentioned, were very creditable indeed, and we trust that those who failed to receive prizes will not become discouraged, but will in the future continue their literary labors; for perseverance will eventually be crowned with success.

We will publish one or more of the competing pieces in each number of the INSTRUCTOR until our supply is exhausted, and the public can thus judge of the merits of the various articles.

## Prize Story.

### SABINA'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.

BY "PUAROKÉ," OR SUSA YOUNG GATES.

"MOTHER, it's Christmas eve to-night."

The speaker turned her sad, blue eyes towards the open door, out of which a woman was sweeping the dirt off the cabin-floor.

"Mother," she said again, "Ain't it Christmas eve to-night?"

"Yes, Sabina, it's Christmas eve to-night." And a heavy sigh followed the words.

The little voice whispered, as the mother closed the door.

"Mother," will Tommy come home to-night, 'cause it's Christmas?"

"I don't know, child, I hope so."

Silently and fast, the tears ran down the mother's face, as she went on about her house-work. But the little girl's blue eyes were bright and dry, and her small mouth was puckered up with thought.

After the chairs were all set back, the dish-towels soaped, washed and hung out to dry, the dust carefully wiped from the homely furniture, the mother sat down to clean the fruit for to-morrow's feast.

The room was a pleasant one, albeit a low-roofed log-cabin. Several rooms built of logs, with one, the "best room," of bright, cherry brick, made an odd but common dwelling for the little family who dwelt there.

The rooms were all plastered, and good but plain furniture, whose plenteousness showed unmistakable signs of thrift and means, gave to the house a home-like, cosy air.

The little girl whose eyes were thoughtfully turned to the snowy glistening picture outside the window, near which she sat, was small and pale. Her face was marked with lines of pain, and the weary droop of the white lids, and pathetic uplifting of the brows, spoke of suffering, frequent and severe.

The thin, nervous little hands stroked the quilt laid across her knee; and when her mother at last sat down to stone and chop the raisins in the bowl she held, the blue eyes looked inquiringly at her, and Sabina softly said:

"Mother, are we poor?"

"Good gracious, child, how queer you are to-day; no, of course, we are not poor. Father left us plenty of stock and farming-land, and if he were still alive we should be living in a good, new brick-house. If you are only a little girl, you are old enough to know how wild the boys are and how much stock we have to sell to pay their gambling and drinking debts. But we've got a good deal yet. Why?"

"I was just wondering if Santa Claus, that Mary Gibbs told me about the other night, if that Santa Claus would come to folks like us and if he would come early enough Christmas eve, to hear us talk, before we go to bed. Do you think he will?"

"Yes, I expect Santa Claus would hear you, if you ask anything of him to-night."

"Where are the boys, mother?" the little girl asked after a short pause.

Jim, and Sam, and Bill are 'way off to Holding's Mill, where they drove the stock to sell to pay some debts. It will be a wonder if they don't sell 'em all for drink."

"Where's Tommy, mother?"

"I hain't seen him since yesterday morning, when he went off on a 'spree.' And like enough he won't be back till Christmas is over, and you and me will have to eat our Christmas dinner all alone. Oh, I wish father was alive; oh dear, oh dear!"

And here, the poor, little woman, whose tears had been slowly dropping down her nose into her lap, threw down the basin of raisins on the table and throwing her apron over her head sobbed violently, and rocked herself to and fro as she sobbed.

"Never mind, mother, maybe Tommy will come home 'thout being tight, and maybe Santa Claus will bring us something good; please don't cry, mother."

"Oh, Sabie, child," said the mother when her grief had somewhat spent itself, how is it that you think so much of



Tom? If he had never got drunk, you would now be a well girl, straight and strong, instead of the poor little, cripple you now are; you are twelve years old nearly, and if you were only well you would be such a help to me."

"Am I a bother to you, mother?"

"No, dear, not that;" the mother softly stroked the light hair, and kissed away the tears in the questioning eyes; "not a bother, Sabie, you are a comfort to me. All the comfort I've got, but my religion."

"Say, mother, shall I pray to Santa Claus?"

"Oh no, child, not pray to Santa Claus, but to God, who will always hear and answer your prayers. What a deal you do notice; since Mary was telling you about Santa Claus seems' though you've thought of nothing else."

The little girl sat silently thinking for a long while; trying to understand the difference between Santa Claus who would bring tangible gifts of candy and dolls, and the Jesus, our Savior, about whom her mother had told her so often, sometimes reading to her of Him and His life from the little faded Bible on the shelf. For Sabina could not read, she had never been to school; but often on Sunday her mother would get out the big Bible with colored pictures, from the parlor table, and tell the stories about the pretty plates. Then her mind wandered off to her brother Tom, whom she almost idolized. There was a very strange bond of love and sympathy between the two, which had always united them since the tiny baby (the youngest child and only girl) had began to notice faces and recognize those around her. It was Tom (who was a big over-grown boy of sixteen, with three older brothers, all rough and wild), that romped with Sabie, and kissed and fondled her as a big dog would tumble a kitten around; it was Tom that the baby hands clung to, and the first word the baby voice lisped, was, "Tonnie." When the little one was about a year old, the father was killed by being thrown from a horse; and Tom began soon after to take the same downward course which his brothers were already traveling.

The mother's heart was utterly crushed when Tom, her youngest and dearest son, took to drink. "The Sherman boys," grew to be a synonym of all that was reckless, rude and bad. They made money, but had few friends. Horse-trading and stock-driving required little time and gave plenty of chances for general lawlessness.

One day, O that awful day! when Sabie was about two years old, Tom came in about half-drunk and commenced romping with the pretty, toddling creature. Mrs. Sherman begged Tom to let the child alone, fearing he was not sensible enough to be careful of the little one, when, to show his mother that he "never's more sober in m' life," he grasped the child's clothes and flung her up to the ceiling of the low cabin, meaning to catch her in his arms as she came down; but, alas, his eyes were too blurred to see plainly, and he just missed her, and she fell across a wooden stool, striking her back as she fell.

One shriek the mother gave, and the dull thump of the child's body as it struck the heavy stool, never left her shuddering ears. She caught her up, and tried to soothe the moaning of the child, but to no avail. She was administered to and the pain seemed to lessen, but the child never stood alone afterwards. The spine was badly injured, and every effort to stand alone seemed to cause such agony that she was not urged to try. They lived away off from any of our large towns, in one of the new settlements; and so the child was never under a doctor's care. She did not always suffer, but when she did, the pangs were intense, almost beyond endurance.

Tom was sobered, and for a time seemed better of his bad habits; but soon began again the careless round of drink, gamble and trade.

And so the years had gone on. Sabina still devotedly loved "her Tommy," as she fondly called him, and Tom was as deeply attached to his pretty, blue-eyed, crippled sister. No matter how drunk he was, if Sabina had one of her "bad spells," he would hush up his loud song, and rude cursing, and with a downcast, humbled look, move quietly around.

There was another besides his sister and mother whom Tom loved in his heart. Tidy Mary Gibbs had been his playmate and companion in the olden, childish days, and Tom often hazily dreamed of a time, when he would "sober up" and spark Mary Gibbs. This Christmas eve he had just rode down from the canyon ranch, with a rough lot of boys, all drunk like himself, when he saw Mary hurrying home in the dusk, from a neighbor's house.

Jumping from his horse as clumsily as any drunken man would do, he slapped the faithful animal, and told it to "g'home." Away trotted the horse on the well-known road, and Tom hurried after Mary. Stopping at his call, she discovered his condition, but waited for him to come up.

"See here, Mary, I wan' you to t' marry me, and I think you're mighty sweet."

Although the warm blood leaped to the girl's cheek at the words he spoke, she was too womanly to listen to such talk from any man when drunk.

"What do you mean, Tom? Ain't you ashamed of yourself to be seen drunk all the time?"

"Now, Mary, I'm going t' kiss you for that." And the big, handsome, brown eyes, dull and bloodshot now, leered down into her clear, indignant orbs.

He put out his arm and clasped it tightly round the girl's waist; and though every nerve in her body tingled with painful bliss at his touch, she struggled to free herself from his grasp.

Holding her close he kissed her lips once, twice, with his bloated mouth; flinging out her right hand, she struck him, two or three sound, ringing blows on cheek and mouth, and as he let go his hold in sudden and deep surprise, she jerked away, and turning to run called out,

"I hate you, Tom Sherman, I hate you. I would sooner die, than be a wife of yours."

Sobered, ashamed and deeply sorry was the man, who felt in his heart that he had offered to a pure woman an insult which she would not likely forgive.

With his senses came his reason, and he knew he had lost his chance of winning sweet Mary Gibbs for his own.

Taking a lonely road up to some ravine in the mountain, he tramped through the soft gleaming snow, deep in thought, and full of bitter regret.

At last, he turned his face homeward, and silently 'neath the twinkling Christmas stars he sought his mother's cabin.

As he reached the door of the kitchen, the snow deadening the sound of his footfalls, he heard his sister speak his name.

She was praying, and Tom quietly waited, listening for her words.

"Oh, Father, I have told you 'bout my Tommy, and, dear Father, in Jesus' name, won't you, please, make him good? It is Christmas eve, and if you know Santa Claus, won't you ask him to please bring my Tommy home, sober and good, for my Christmas present. Dear God, in the name of Jesus Christ, I ask my prayer. Amen."



And then sobbingly poured out a prayer from the mother's lips, who knelt beside her daughter's chair, for the child's request to be answered in the heavens. Pleadings for her children, and especially for her Thomas, her dearest son, ascended from the mother's trembling lips. And as the words were borne by angel listeners to God's throne, their tearful sound sunk like running lava on the softened, contrite heart of the listening man outside.

Creeping softly away, he slept in the barn with the cattle that night, and next morning he presented a sober, smiling face at the door, loaded down with almost all the toys and sweetmeats contained in the one little store of the town.

Sabina was a happy girl that merry Christmas day.

In the afternoon Tom said to his mother:

"I'm thinking I'll go to the Brigham Young Academy for a month or two, mother, and jest see what I ken make of myself. I'm twenty-four years old, but they do say that the scholars up to that institution never make fun of nobody, no matter how ignorant or old they be."

Scarcely daring to trust her ears, or believe the glad news, she promised to have everything ready in a week for the journey.

"Thomas," she said solemnly, the day he started, "I believe God heard poor little Sabina's prayer, and has just made a new man of you."

"He did hear it, mother, and so did I. And between God and me, who knows what may turn up."

And so, Thomas Sherman's name was given in to the secretary of the academy, and the principal, K. G. Maeser, looked kindly at the big, awkward, but noble-souled boy-man before him; and when Tom told him how he had come, "'cause Sabie and mother prayed for him to be good," the heartiest welcome was given to him.

The work was hard, and oh how Tom would long for his spurs to be on, and to feel the bounding of his faithful horse under him, as they flew after the wild mountain cattle! But time and patience were well repaid, and big Tom Sherman with his brown eyes and good-natured ways, was liked by all his teachers and fellow-students.

In this perfect school, he not only studied the usual branches taught in such places, but the principles of the religion he so scoffed at in early days, were portrayed to him in all their beauty. Slowly he grew to comprehend and love the glorious truths of "Mormonism;" and when the closing of the school saw Tom en route homeward, those who met him near his old home scarcely recognized the wild, lawless Tom Sherman, in the sober, thoughtful, neatly-dressed man riding quietly along.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Summer days were swiftly passing, and every day little Sabina grew weaker and frailer.

As she reveled in her dearest brother's reform and sobriety, she seemed to long more and more for the brighter joys above; and would often tell Tom, as he sat reading to her from the dear little Bible, that she would "love to go where father was."

At last, one lovely morning in September, she told Mary Gibbs, who was there with her, that she thought "Father was coming to-day." Tom brought her some wild flowers, about noon, and she begged him to wait by her "till father comes."

The minutes slipped away, and Sabina looked lovingly at the two dear ones, who knelt on either side of her couch, and murmured as the pain left her free,

"Father is nearer."

The mother rubbed her cold limbs and vainly sought to give warmth, where warmth there was none.

"Oh, Sabie," she said, "don't die, dear, don't leave me. How can I lose you, my comfort, my baby, my girl!"

Sabina lifted her drooping lids, and with a fond gleam in the fast glazing eyes, she whispered faintly:

"I'm going with father. Please, let me go, mother. Father is here."

And the last sigh fluttered over the childish lips as the spirit fled "with father."

\* \* \* \* \*

Tom was hastening to get ready to go school at the Academy the next Winter, when, about October 1st, the word was given him to prepare for a mission to Europe.

Poor Tom was staggered for a moment; leave his mother, who was fretting and pining for Sabina and who leaned upon him for comfort and strength. And Mary, his sweetheart, he hoped, who was just beginning to show him the love she had always felt, but never would betray while he was so wicked; what would she say, how could he part with her?

But as a voice whispering, "Tommy, what are you doing?" came the thought of Sabina in heaven, watching him and listening to his thoughts.

So, up jumped Tom, and hurried home with the news to his mother.

The poor, broken-down mother, sobbed and cried, saying over and over,

"Lose my Thomas, let my Thomas go; oh, dear! oh, dear!"

At last, Tom despairingly cried out, "Don't cry, mother, I'll not go; I'll stay at home with you."

"Oh, oh, oh," screamed his mother in agony of grief, "Thomas, do you want to break my heart?"

"Well, I thought you didn't want me to go. But, mother, be cheered; Mary will stay with you part of the time, I am sure, and the boys are doing so much better. Don't cry so."

The mother soon dried her tears, and gratefully thanked God that she had one boy worthy to go on a mission to save souls.

And when Tom went away, his mother proudly blessed him, and Mary shyly kissed the modest little ring that twinkled on her forefinger.

In the holidays Mary received a long letter from Tom, and many happy tears spotted the page before her as she read his cheery, manly words:

"Dearest Mary," he wrote, "it will soon be Christmas eve again, and I am thinking of the Christmas eve a year ago. I am not a learned preacher like the sectarian ministers here, but I have got God's true religion to tell about, and somehow the words come into my mouth. I like better to talk to the workmen like myself, for I just get right down and tell them truths in the common words we both use, and it seems like they understand me, too, for I often get a little crowd of them around me, while I tell them Christ's Church is just like it used to be, without parade and without style. Dear Mary, I do believe God is blessing my meek, humble efforts, and I hope I can help to save some souls.

"I often think of you all and pray for you. Do you remember last Christmas eve? How I shudder when I think of it all. But when I heard dear little Sabie asking God to send her Tommy home good and sober, it just melted me down. And the heart, which now beats so fondly in my bosom for you, is a very changed heart; it is, dear one, I shall say, Sabina's Christmas gift."



## CHRISTMAS CAROL.

*With Spirit. mf*

By light of star,  
They traveled far  
To seek the lowly manger;  
A humble bed  
Wherein was laid  
The wondrous little stranger.  
Hosanna, hosanna,  
Hosanna to His name!

And still is found,  
The world around,  
The old and hallowed story:  
And still is sung

In every tongue  
The angels' song of glory:  
Hosanna, hosanna,  
Hosanna to His name!

The heavenly star  
Its ray afar  
On every land is throwing,  
And shall not cease  
Till holy peace  
In all the earth is glowing.  
Hosanna, hosanna,  
Hosanna to His name!

## WINTER.

BY J. H. WALLIS.

Oh! Winter, lovely Winter, how I've longed your face to greet,  
With your snowy robe of beauty, wrapped around your form  
so sweet;

How I gladden in your footsteps, as o'er hills and plains you  
pass:

Oh! my heart beats glad within me—beats with joy naught can  
surpass!

Oh! Winter, joyous Winter, though to some thou may'st seem  
drear,

Yet to me thou art more welcome than each season of the year;  
For when fall the leaves of Autumn, and the chilly winds do  
blow,

Then in sweet anticipation, how I wait the falling snow!

Oh! Winter, charming Winter, *ev'ry* charm thou hast for me;  
In each falling, sparkling crystal, glad some joys I seem to see;  
And beneath thy bed of whiteness every trouble seems to lay,  
Though, alas! to shine with verdure, when thy garment fades  
away.

Oh! Winter, happy Winter, children long have watched for  
thee,

In their innocent impatience, waited thy fair face to see;  
For no other season brings them Santa Claus in grand array—  
Filling all the hanging stockings with his presents, bright and  
gay.

Oh! Winter, joyous Winter, hear the shouts of jubilee,  
As the happy, rosy children, catch the snow-flakes in their glee!  
How they revel in thy beauty, in their innocent delight—  
Hearts almost in gladness melting, captivated with the sight!

Oh! Winter, happy Winter, rounds of mirth and joy you bring!  
How I love to hear sweet voices unto thee sweet carols sing!  
How I joy to hear the sleigh-bells ring upon the frosty air,  
As swift o'er thy milky bosom, joyous hearts are borne with care.

Oh! Winter, charming Winter, season for reunions blest,  
When around the cheerful fireside, gathered for a while to rest,  
Father, mother, brother, sister, sit and watch the timbers glow,  
Talking of the things that happened in the days "of long ago."

Oh! Winter, happy Winter, when this soul of mine shall flee,  
To obey the Master's summons, which ere long He will decree,  
Then, oh! may your robe of ermine be spread over all the earth,  
Be the last thing that I gaze on, as my soul receives new birth.

## THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

Is Published in Salt Lake City, Utah Territory,

ON THE FIRST AND FIFTEENTH OF EVERY MONTH.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, - - - - - EDITOR

## TERMS IN ADVANCE:

*Single Copy, per Annum* - - - \$2.00.Office, South Temple Street, one-and-a-half blocks west of  
the Tabernacle, Salt Lake City.